



THE STANDARD.

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BUSINESS CARDS.

NOTICE.

DR. H. ADAMS,

PROFESSOR OF PROFESSIONAL SERVICES TO THE
CITIZENS OF JACKSON AND VICINITY.

On Pearl street, next door to the Baptist Church,
June 16, 1853. 13-

DR. E. FITZGERALD,

Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Jackson and vicinity.

And Residence at the Franklin Hotel,
Aug. 18, '53. 21-17.

D. A. HOFFMAN,

Physician & Surgeon,
JACKSON, C. H. O.

Office—At D. Hoffman's Store, where he may at all times be found when not absent on professional business. When absent, all messages left at T. Lloyd Hughes' Esq. will be promptly attended to.
June 23, 1853. 13-17

WM. S. WILLIAMS,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAK HILL, JACKSON CO., O.

Office—At Oak Hill, where he may be found at all times, when not absent on professional business. When absent, all messages left at T. Lloyd Hughes' Esq. will be promptly attended to.
June 23, 1853. 13-17

STANLEY & STARKEY,

ATTORNEYS
AND
COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
REAL ESTATE AGENTS,
COUNTY LAND & PENSION AGENTS,
JACKSON, OHIO.

ATTEND to the practice of their Professions, obtaining Pensions, buying, selling, and conveying Land, Warrants, selling and Leasing Real Estate, examining Land Titles, collection of claims, &c.
All Communications from a distance must be Post Paid.
Office in Public Building, up stairs.
May 12, 53-17.

R. C. HOFFMAN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
JACKSON, C. H. O.

WILL attend the Courts in Jackson, Athens, Pike, Clinton and Gallia counties, and will act faithfully to all business entrusted to his care.
Oct. 4, 1849.—no27y1

H. S. BUNDY,

Attorney & Counselor at Law,
JACKSON AND VINTON.

WILL attend the Courts in Jackson, Vinton and Athens counties.
Nov. 28, 1850.—1y.

ANSELM T. HOLCOMB,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
JACKSON AND VINTON.

WILL PRACTICE in the counties of Jackson and Vinton.
Vinton a, Gallia Co. Sept. 30, '52.

JOSEPH BRADBURY,

Attorney at Law,
JACKSON AND VINTON.

WILL PRACTICE in the counties of Jackson and Vinton.
Keyserling, Gallia Co. Sept. 30, 1852.

FLOUR STORE!

THE UNION MILLS having undergone a complete and thorough repair, we are now manufacturing and keep constantly on hand, a large stock of very superior

FRANKS' FLOUR,

AT THE LOWEST MARKET PRICE.
The highest Cash price paid for Wheat and Hides.
ROBINSON, SONS & CO.
Portsmouth, June 23, 1853. 13-

W. C. ROBERTS,

Attorney at Law and Solicitor in
Chancery!

LOGAN, HOCKING COUNTY, O.

WILL attend the Courts in Jackson, Vinton, Athens, Perry, Muskingum, Ross and Fairfield counties, and will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to his care. Will also act as general Land Agent—for the sale of land and the payment of taxes, &c., in any of the above counties.
April 17, 1851.

R. BELL & CO.,

WHOLESALE MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN
BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, AND CAPS.
BETTER AND FINER DINGS.
No. 5, ENTERPRISE ROW, FRONT ST.,
PORTSMOUTH, OHIO.

Mr. M. B. Tewksbury having purchased the interest of Davis & Smith in the above named establishment, and the present firm, under the former title, having taken the large and spacious room on Front street, formerly occupied by Watson & Robinson as a Foot Store, and respectfully invite the attention of dealers to their very large stock, assuring all that they will sell good stock as low as any other house in the West.
May 26, '53.—17.

THE TRUE WIFE.

HOW TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.

When Frederick Denman married Lucy Lillian, he was "well to live in the world." That is he had a good business, money in bank, and an excellent character. And Lucy was the flower of the village. Her personal graces were surpassed by the superior mind, which looked forth all her actions.

She loved Frederick with enthusiasm. Indeed she was enthusiastic in all her actions, and never undertook anything without giving her whole soul to the object.

For some years their happiness was as complete as is permitted to mankind while sojourners upon earth. They were admired and beloved by multitudes of friends, and their home was ever open for the reception of delighted visitors. They were everywhere pointed out as the "happy couple," and the designation was true.

But it is not the lot of humanity to live here in bliss. Heaven will always teach us in some way, that this is not our home, nor is our happiness to be looked for in this world. The eagle goes down in the plains for food, but his resting place is among the clouds, on the highest pinnacle of some mountain.

In only two years after Frederick and Lucy were united, for life, the scene was changed. An unforeseen change in the policy of the government of the country reduced Frederick to poverty. After selling off his effects, he could only save a small cottage, and a few hundred dollars a year, from the wreck of his great possessions.

Frederick was almost driven to despair. The blow seemed to stupefy his senses. He lost his hilarity, his confidence in himself, his peace of mind.

Lucy felt the change not so affecting to herself and her enjoyments, but she observed its influence on her husband's temper. He smiled as he was wont to do in his palmiest days, but seldom. His brilliant conversation was succeeded by melancholy repining. He was becoming an "altered man."

Now an ordinary woman, in such a case, would have given up all hope, and become morose and complaining. But Lucy rose under the pressure of misfortune. She resolved to preserve her good humor in spite of the loss of property. She received her husband with smiles; she showed more fondness than ever before. She made his evenings agreeable, by reading the writings of genius and truth. She sang her old songs, once so much admired, with more effort to please than ever. She became his constant companion, soothing his irritated feelings, and gradually pointed out hope's rainbow for the future.

Now no man of any soul or sense can withstand such a set and winning appeal to all manliness in his soul. His love for her became elevated and purified, so as to approach adoration. He admired her as a lovely woman—he listened to her as a wise counsellor.

In a few months his spirits, his energy, his confidence in himself was restored. He went forth with alacrity in the pursuit of new business.

His applications were not successful; for many looked upon him as an unfortunate man; and many were glad to see him humiliated, and would not raise a finger for his relief.

There was occasion enough to despair; and he would have despaired; but when he returned home in the evening, the cheerful smile of his wife as she opened the door to receive him, her affectionate kisses, and tender reception warmed his heart again, and breathed into him fresh ardor and courage.

How could he cease to hope when heaven showed its regard for him by preserving so estimable a friend.

Some months passed away, and there was no change in the circumstance for the better. But Frederick still hoped on. One evening, returning home after an unsuccessful day, he stepped outside the door, dreading to go in and show his wife his disappointed countenance.

It was summer; and to his surprise he heard through the open window, his sweet voice, singing one of his favorite songs. That voice was more lively and brilliant than usual since their misfortunes.

"Ah!" thought he, the dear soul is resolved to make me happy, in spite of the "frown of fortune."

He entered the door with a smile and an extended hand. There was a strange gentleman sitting near Lucy, and listening to her song. He hesitated, but the gentleman rose and approached him, saying:

"This is your husband I suppose?—Sir, I have come to offer you a joint interest in the house of which I am principal."

"I am rich, and I will insure you \$2000 a year, to be increased as your business prospers. I heard of your misfortunes, and wishing another partner, I watched their effect on your mind and on your wife. I am satisfied. You are the very man I want and have been seeking; and this is the woman who set at naught all the fear of consequences, and this is the harbinger of a successful copartnership."

You cannot be remiss in your duty, nor fall under any temptation, nor fail in any honorable engagements while you have that face to look upon, and that noble mind to counsel."

The new engagements were eminently prosperous. Business flowed in upon the house. Wealth spread its charms around the dwelling of Lucy, her acquaintance was eagerly sought; and whenever she appeared, a suppressed hum of admiration followed her.

AMERICAN EDUCATION.

No. 3.

The essential features of a system of public education suited to the United States, are the making of such arrangements as will insure the attendance at School of every child, of the proper age, for a suitable length of time, free of charge—the establishment of Seminaries exclusively for the professional education of teachers—the providing of means for their support and accommodation, and for the general supervision and execution of its plans. These I regard as the indispensable elements of a system of public education adapted to our wants. This is just such a system as our political circumstances demand. Its beautiful symmetry would be marred by the omission of a single link. Its efficiency would be crippled if not destroyed, by dispensing with any of these requisites.

The time deemed necessary for imparting even an elementary education in its integrity, is at the lowest calculations, eight years; commencing at the age of six, and terminating at fourteen. During this period, every child is entitled to the leisure and facilities necessary for acquiring the education which it needs to enable it to act its part upon the theatre of life.

Our Public Schools, like our public improvements of every kind, should be of the very best order. If government has a right to take the public's money at all for the support of schools, it surely has the right, and it is its duty, to give them good ones. No matter under what pretext government assumes the control of education, the obligation is imperative that she make it good. The Public Schools should be so good as to satisfy the rich; so that they can have no reason for sending elsewhere. The only possible way by which the separation of the children of the rich and poor, and the existence of the two sets of schools, Plebeian and Patrician, can be prevented, is to make the public schools such as will satisfy the rich; in short the very best that can be had; and made too entirely free, so that none may be deterred from sending by reason of poverty or inability to pay. The tax on property should be sufficient to support such a system; and then the rich having so much to say toward its support, will of course send their children to the public schools, if such schools are made worthy; that is, the best that can be had, and this all the children of the community would come into the school on an equal footing—a matter of supreme importance to a society organized like ours.

Our Legislation on this point, is far from being as bold and energetic as it should be. It ought to impose, without regard to individual holders, and employ executive authority for its collection. It does not throw the burden of supporting general education as much as it should upon the rich; or rather it does not make property pay as large a proportion of the cost of public instruction as it ought. It should pay it all. About the abstract right of government to even compel the education of the children of the country, and tax the people for its support, there can be no doubt. It is not a much more noble way of obliging people to be orderly than that of inflicting fines punishments and erecting jails and penitentiaries for their confinement? It is more offensive to employ coercion (if need be) for the prevention, than for the punishment of crime.

Is it not an unalienable part of the obligation of society to educate children even against their will if necessary. If it is admitted that universal education is essential to the safety and well being of society, and preeminently so in a republic, is it not the duty as well as the right of government to coerce (if need be) popular attention to it.

With reference to directly coercive measure although they would not conflict with, or be opposed to any moral or constitutional principle, it perhaps would be inexpedient and unnecessary to employ them. We may resort to coercive measures indirectly, and this we have done in reality whenever a public school system of any value has been established among us. It is not possible to sustain a public school without them. Do we not employ coercion when we tax a man against his will for the erection of a school house and the support of a teacher and then compel the payment by issuing an execution against his property? Is indirect taxation (because the authority is disguised,) less the offering of authority than that which is direct?

Here however to guard against the possibility of misconception, it may be proper to state, that the only exercise of authority for the benefit of education which is deemed necessary, and therefore proper, in this country, is the imposition of a sufficient tax on property. It is believed that all our youth would obtain an education without any compulsion, if the means were only provided.

It is a natural reproach that most of our provisions for the spread of education are the products of disguised taxation; that we have to be deceived in the things we are so, we have to acknowledge that with a blush, with mortification, and with wounded pride as republicans because, as a body, we are not sufficiently enlightened, or liberal, or intelligent to consent to have it otherwise. Oh! tell it not in France—proclaim it not in Prussia, lest the son of the infidel and the boor of the despot, float at our political pretensions!

Humbling reflection, that we have to be lured and bribed into the education of our youth, by the mortifying stratagem of indirect, conditional, or disguised taxation!

FERN BUNTINGS.

I have a horror for best things, come in the shape of shoes, garments, bonnets, or rooms. In such a harness my soul peers restlessly out, asking "if I be I!" I'm puzzled to find myself. I become stiff and formal and artificial as my surroundings.

But of all the best things, spare me the infliction of a "best room." On upon a carpet to fine to tread upon, boots too dainty to handle, sofas that but mock your weary limbs, and curtains that dare not face a ray of sunlight!

Had I a house there should be no "best room" in it. No upholsterer should exercise comfort, or children from my door sill. The free fresh air should be welcome to play through it, the bright gleam of sunshine to lighten and warm it; while fresh mantle flowers should woo us visits from humming birds and the drowsy bee.

For pictures, I'd look out my windows, upon a landscape painted by the Great Master, ever fresh, ever varied, and never marred by envious "cross lights;" now, wreathed in morning's silvery mist; now, basking in moon's golden beam, now, flushed with sunset's golden glow; now, sleeping in dreamy moonlight.

For statuary, fill my house with children—rosy, dimpled, laughing children; now, tossing their sunny ringlets from open brows, now veiling their merry eyes in slumberous dreams, "neath snow-white lips; now, sweetly grave, on bended knee with clasped hands, and lisped words of holy prayer.

Did I say I'd have nothing "best?" Pardon me. Sunday should be the best of all the seven; not ushered in with asetic form, or lengthened face, or stiff and rigid manners. Sweetly upon the still Sabbath air should float the matin hymn of happy childhood; blending with the early song of birds, and waited upward, with flowers' incense, to him whose very name is LOVE. It should be no day for puzzling the half developed brain; for childhood with gloomy creeds, to shake the simple faith that prompts the innocent lips to say "Our Father." It should be no day to sit up tight in stiff-backed chairs, till the golden sun should set. No; the birds should not be more welcome to warble, the flowers to drink in the air and sunlight or the trees to toss their limbs free and fearless.

"I'm sorry that to-morrow is Sunday!" From whence does this sad lament issue? From your room, oh mistaken but well-meaning Christian parent; from the lips of your child, whom you compel to listen to two or three unintelligible sermons, sandwiched between Sunday school and finished off at night-fall by tedious repetition of creeds and catechisms. "till sleep releases your weary victim! No wonder your child shudders, when the minister tells him that 'Heaven is one eternal Sabbath.'"

Oh, mistaken parent! relax the overstrained bow—prevent the fearful rebound, and make the Sabbath what God designed it, not a weariness, but the "best" and happiest day of all the seven.—N. Y. Musical World and Times.

FANNY FERN.

TWO KINDS OF RICHES.

A little boy sat by his mother. He looked long at the fire, and was silent. Then, as the deep thought began to pass away, his eyes grew bright, and he spoke. "Mother, I wish I was rich."

"Why do you wish you were rich, my son?"

The child said, "Because every one praises the rich. Every one inquires after the rich. The stranger at our table yesterday asked, 'Who was the richest man in the village.' At school there is a boy who does not learn. He takes no pains to say his lesson well. Sometimes he speaks evil words. But the children don't blame him, for they say he is a wealthy boy."

The mother thought that her child was in danger of believing wealth might take the place of goodness, or be an excuse for indolence, or cause him to be held in honor who led unworthy lives.—So she asked him, "What is it to be rich?"

And he answered, "I do not know. Yet tell me how I may become rich, that all may ask after me and praise me."

The mother replied, "to become rich is to get money. For this you must wait until you are a man."

Then the boy looked sorrowful and said, "Is there not some other way of being rich, that I may begin now?"

She answered, the gain of money is not the only nor the true wealth. Fires may burn it, the floods drown it, the winds sweep it away, moth and rust waste it, and the robber makes it his prey. Men are wearied with the toil of getting it, but they leave it behind at last. They die and carry nothing away. The soul of the richest prince goeth forth, like that of the way-side beggar, without a garment. There is another kind of riches which are not kept in purse, but in the heart. Those who possess them are not always praised by men, but they have the praise of God."

Then said the boy, "May I begin to gather this kind of riches now, or must I wait till I grow up, and am a man?"

The mother laid her hand upon his little head and said, "To-day, if he will hear his voice, for he hath promised that those who seek early shall find."

And the child said, "Teach me that I may become rich before God."

Then she looked tenderly on him and said, "Kneel down every night and morning, and ask that you may love the dear Saviour, and trust in him. Obey His word, and strive all the days of your life to do good to all. So, though you may be poor in this world, you shall be rich in faith, and heir of the kingdom of heaven."

The precise idea which the Western Indians entertain of a future life is said to be this:—"As soon as the Indian throws off the flesh he would find himself standing on the bank of a river, the current running with great rapidity. Across this river was a slender pole, stripped of its bark, and lying close down to the surface of the water. The Indian who had lived a good life then sees a bright object on the other side, that was "Right." He would then, desirous of embracing the object he loved so well in the world, walk across the pole, unmindful of the raging torrent beneath his feet, arriving in safety at the opposite shore. And Right would lead him amongst mountains covered with gold and silver, into noble hunting grounds, where he would hunt for eternity. But on the other hand, the man who follows "Wrong" all his life, when attempting to cross on the pole, after death, would fall into the foaming stream, and be swept down into a whirlpool surrounded by rocks; there he would be carried round for centuries and centuries, until at last, he would be gradually sucked in towards the center of the vortex, and finally engulfed in an immense bottomless hole. What becomes of the unfortunate sinner the Indians could not surmise further than he lived forever."

The Missouri river has opened for itself a new outlet into the Mississippi—On Saturday week it succeeded in cutting a new mouth, or debouché, into the Mississippi, across the point of land lying about half a mile above where it has run of late years. It now strikes the Mississippi in a direction which is likely to prevent the washing of the Illinois or eastern shore to any injurious extent. At the last accounts two steamers had passed through the new chute, and this may now be regarded as the main channel of the Mississippi.

A serious collision occurred yesterday on the Hudson River Railroad, between a single engine and the Poughkeepsie afternoon down train. Three persons were killed and two injured very badly. No passengers were hurt.

A St. Louis lady who not long since married a Mormon and emigrated to the Salt Lake City, writes that the Mormon city is a "first rate place for a new settlement," and notwithstanding sickness in the family and the loss of cows, she is comfortable and contented. About Brigham Young having so many wives, she says, "the number twenty-five is right, and I can tell you he is about the best man living. No man is allowed to have more than one except he can well look after them. Everything here, in the Salt Lake is pure and holy. Thomas has no thought of any more wives! Every man can do as he likes about it."

"Love your neighbor as yourself."—William Henry says he does and more, and has ever since Lib Joser lived in the next house.

FANNY FERN'S OPINION OF SUNDAY.

Sunday should be the best day of all the seven—not ushered in with asetic form, or lengthened face, or stiff and rigid manners. Sweetly upon the still Sabbath air should float the matin hymn of happy childhood; blending with early song of birds, and waited upward, with flowers' incense, to him whose very name is LOVE. It should be no day for puzzling the half-developed brains of childhood with gloomy creeds, to shake the simple faith that prompts the innocent lips to say, "Our Father." It should be no day to sit up tight on stiff-backed chairs, till the golden sun should set. No; the birds should not be more welcome to warble, the flowers to drink in the air and sunlight, or the trees to toss their limbs free and fearless. "I'm so sorry that to-morrow is Sunday!" From whence does this sad lament issue? From your room, oh mistaken but well-meaning Christian parent; from the lips of your child, whom you compel to listen to two or three unintelligible sermons, sandwiched between Sunday school and finished off at night-fall by tedious repetition of creeds and catechisms. "till sleep releases your weary victim! No wonder your child shudders, when the minister tells him that 'Heaven is one eternal Sabbath.'"

Oh, mistaken parent! relax the overstrained bow—prevent the fearful rebound, and make the Sabbath what God designed it, not a weariness, but the "best" and happiest day of all the seven.—Musical Times.

How to Avoid a bad Husband.

1. Never marry for wealth. A woman's life consisteth not in the things she possesseth.

2. Never marry a fop, or one who struts about dandy-like, in his silk gloves and ruffles, with silvered cane and rings on his fingers; beware! there is a trap!

3. Never marry a miggard close-fisted, mean, sordid wretch, who saves every penny, or spends it grudgingly. Take care lest he stunt you to death.

4. Never marry a stranger, or one whose character is not known or tested.—Some females jump right into the fire, with their eyes wide open!

5. Never marry a rascal, or a drone, one who draws and draggles through life, one foot after another, and lets things take their own course.

6. Never marry a man who treats his mother or sister unkindly, or indifferently. Such a treatment is a sure indication of a mean and wicked beast.

7. Never, on any account, marry a gambler, a profane person, one who in the least, speaks lightly of God, or religion. Such a man can never make a good husband.

8. Never marry a sloven, a man who is negligent of his person, or his dress, and is filthy in his habits. The external appearance is an index to the heart.

9. Shun the rake as a snake! a viper! a demon!

10. Finally, never marry a man who uses tobacco in any form, or who is addicted to the use of ardent spirits. Depend upon it, you are better off alone, than you would be, were you tied to a man whose breath is polluted, and whose vitals are being knawed out by alcohol.

"Sally, don't I like you?"

"Lal Jim, I reckon so."

"But don't you know it, Sally? Don't you think I'd tear the eyes out of my honest tom cat that dares to look at you for a second?"

"I s'pect you would."

"Well, the fact of it is, Sally, I—"

"Oul! now don't, Jim! you're too sudden."

"And, Sally, I want you to—"

"Don't say any thing more now, Jim; will—"

"But it must be done immediately; I want you to—"

"Oh hush! don't don't say any more."

"I want you to-night to get—"

"What! so soon! Oul! not impossible! Father and mother would be so angry at me."

"How! be angry for doing me such a favor as to—"

"Yes, dear me! Oul! what a feeling!"

"But there is some mistake, for all I want to have you to do is to—mend my trousers!"

Sally could hear no more. She threw up her arms, and screaming hysterically, fainted away as dead as a log.

The more ignorant a person is, the harder he is to suit. Take your seat at a dinner table, and you will find that the person who gives the most trouble to the waiters will not be an ex-Governor, but an ex-hodcarrier, or an ex-woodsawyer.

A boiler exploded on a Mississippi steamer, last week, with some considerable powder. It passed into the adjacent country, where it fell upon a church steeple with such force as to "run it into the ground" away up to the weather-cock. No one injured but passengers, and they would not have been hurt had they taken the "other" boat. When will people learn wisdom.

I say, printer, do you take Manhattan money?"

"No."

"What's the reason—ain't it good?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you take it then?"

"Can't get it."

If there has been no temptation, there can be no merit; if there has been no struggling, there can be no victory. In other words the more cost, the more honor.

HUMAN LIFE.

Swiftly glide our years—they follow each other like the waves of ocean.—Memory calls up the persons we once knew, the scenes in which we were once actors; they appear before the mind like the phantoms of a night vision. Behold the boy rejoicing in the gaiety of his soul—the wheels of time cannot roll too rapidly for him—the light of hope dances in his eye—the smile of expectation plays upon his lip—he looks forward to long years of joy to come—his spirit burns within him when he hears of great men and mighty deeds—he wants to be a man—he longs to mount the hill of ambition, to tread the path of honor, to hear the shout of applause. Look at him again, he is now in the meridian of life—care has stamped wrinkles upon his brow—disappointment has dimmed the lustre of his eye—sorrow has thrown its gloom upon his countenance—he looks back upon the waking dreams of his youth, and sighs for their futurity; each revolving year seems to diminish something from his little stock of happiness, and he discovers, that the season of youth—when the pulse of anticipation beats high, is the only season of enjoyment. Who is he of the aged looks? His form is bent and totters—his footsteps move more rapidly toward the tomb—he looks back upon the past, his days appear to have been few, and he confesses that they were evil; the magnificence of the great is to him vanity—the hilarity of youth folly. He considers how soon the glo